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American

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

September 1936

"I Serve"





WIDE WORLD

Nursery Rhyme Murals

By ANDREW KAROLY and LOUIS SZANTO

A CHILDREN'S ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York has a series of murals which illustrate famous children's stories. Old King Cole, above, is painted on the walls of the girls' recreation room, while the Pied Piper decorates the dining room.

Thomas W. Gosling, National Director

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

How Are You?

The Junior Red Cross staff participates in the feeling of pleasant excitement incident to the opening of school: everybody back from vacations, summer adventures to tell one another, interesting prospects for the year. As fellow workers we wish you a happy and successful year.

An Index

A mimeographed index for the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS of last year, classified according to subject matter and countries, is available upon request of your headquarters office. Teachers report that this index is very convenient for reference.

A librarian in one of the summer schools visited this year robbed the Junior Red Cross speaker of the News in her exhibit, complaining that the teachers in the training school would not give up their copies for the library! This suggests a responsibility to keep intact one complete file of the NEWS for the school to refer to in the future. More than one file may be helpful, but the one complete volume is a necessity if none of the source material given month by month is to be lost. The mimeographed index mentioned above can be bound with this complete volume.

The classroom index of contents will continue in the GUIDE FOR TEACHERS month by month and may be helpful until the complete index for this year is available next fall. Pupil committees for each room, or a committee for the whole school, appointed from the Junior Red Cross Council, may also make annotated library cards for all significant features each month.

The Classroom Index

In this issue you will find features of interest in connection with the following classes:

Art and Handwork:

"Italian Grape Harvest" (front cover); "Our Cover Artist" (editorials)

Citizenship—Worldwide:

"A House for a Bowl," "More Than You Can See," "National News"

Two features, "The Greatest Voyage of All" and "The Surprise Salvager," will give vicarious adventure to boys and girls. If older pupils have never discovered that thriller of a previous generation, they will enjoy Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*, in connection with "The Greatest Voyage of All."

"Everybody Helped" tells the part that Junior Red Cross had in the national relief of flood and hurricane victims last spring. Ask your Chapter

or write your headquarters office about obtaining the new film "The American Red Cross to the Rescue" released this fall.

English:

"A House for a Bowl" has that same nice quality of realism that many of us learned to appreciate in Louisa Alcott's stories: things turn out well, yet logically and "like real life," rather than like fairy stories.

"War-Kor, the Hen" is a down-to-date fable and may lead to reading some of the more famous classic fables.

"A Letter from Latvia" and "In a Bulgarian Village" may be studied in connection with letter writing for the interest of their contents. "Something to Read" furnishes a good model for oral or written book reviews.

Geography:

Albania—"The Program Picture"

Bulgaria—"In a Bulgarian Village," "Dobry" ("Something to Read")

Honduras—"Children of Banana Land" ("Something to Read")

Italy—"Italian Grape Harvest"

Latvia—"A Letter from Latvia"

Sweden—"Swedish Stamps"

Yugoslavia—"A House for a Bowl"

Other Countries—"More than You Can See," "News From Abroad"

Primary Grades:

"Italian Grape Harvest," "Nursery Rhyme Murals," "War-Kor, the Hen," "What to do About Molly"

Reading:

In the following questions, the first one is based on the content of the story or article, while the second is intended to stimulate discussion or exploration. They may be copied on the board or assigned to guide individual pupils in class reports.

1. How did Livia get a house for a bowl? 2. Do you think that she did right not to take the stranger's bribe?

1. Who was the first man to circumnavigate the world? 2. On a globe show the voyage of Magellan's ships.

1. Tell the story of the Valkenberg castle. 2. What information interests you in the letter from Latvia?

1. Describe some holiday in Bulgaria. 2. How do farming and home life in Bulgaria differ from farming and home life in the United States?

1. What were some of the ways Juniors raised money for flood relief? 2. Ask your principal and the Junior Red Cross Chairman to arrange for you to see the new film "The American Red Cross to the Rescue."

1. How did the Juniors of State College, Pennsylvania, make their Christmas Boxes interesting? 2. What do you want your Christmas Boxes to mean to the boys and girls who receive them?

1. Who is the artist for the cover picture? 2. Try making cut-out silhouettes of your classmates and if they

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Developing Program Activities for September

Faring Well

THE theme for this year's PROGRAM OF SERVICE is that of helping others to "fare well." Like many good expressions, of which service itself is one, welfare and welfare work have become "counter" words, losing their true worth. We can help boys and girls apprehend a deepened meaning in the term "welfare" by asking them what it means to them: to explain in their own words and to give illustrations, to turn the word about, explore the full significance of *farin well* in life, and extend the boundary lines of our own responsibility in helping others fare better than they have been doing.

Ideals That Permeate

At one of the Junior sessions of the National Red Cross Convention last May, delegates expressed the opinion that where the Junior Red Cross program was integrated with the course of study, many more pupils were conscious of the ideals and were realizing satisfaction in their practical accomplishments; that is, if they had a part in choosing the projects and did not merely accept them as arbitrary assignments made by the teachers. Free work done in clubs, Councils, and outside of school hours had the advantage of being wholly elective, but the disadvantage of reaching only a minority of the pupils. Teachers can help solve the problem by calling attention early every month to the PROGRAM page and inviting pupils to select from the titles those they feel have interest in connection with the study pattern for the term.

A project, not on the September PROGRAM, but open immediately, is reviewed below.

Covers for Sailors' Christmas Dinners

Of course the sailors will cover their own Christmas dinners, but Junior Red Cross members are invited by the Secretary of the Navy to make art covers for the menus that announce and commemorate the occasion. Sixty-five thousand of these covers can be used. They are 6x9 inches, of art paper, and decorated appropriately to the season with original designs in linoleum block prints, water colors, ink, or crayon. It has proved better to limit participation of this project to pupils of junior high school age and older. Let your headquarters office know how many of these you want to make and you will be given the name and address of a vessel. Covers must be completed and mailed not later than December 1.

A letter from Mr. William H. Vogel, Director of Art in the Cincinnati Public Schools, showed the thoughtfulness with which this activity is usually undertaken:

"Under separate cover, I have mailed you samples of all the menu covers of a block-print character and two of hand-drawn and hand-painted type, which were sent to the U. S. S. Tennessee. There were several hundred

of the handmade covers, all individual in character. The blocks were duplicated from fifty to several hundred each.

"In packing the shipment, care was taken to rotate the designs so that no two persons sitting next to each other at the feast table would have the same or similar patterns. After packing considerably more than 1,000 covers, we had a large quantity left which will be sent to government hospitals.

"All concerned have taken great pleasure in contributing to the Christmas spirit of the men in foreign waters, and to those in hospitals."

A Blue Print of Service

To give continuity to the service activities and prevent their being merely incidental, attention may be called to the set-up suggested this month. Invite pupils to make lists of:

1. Things they can do in school that others will enjoy
2. Groups that will enjoy sharing the things the Juniors have or can make and do.

Both curricular and extra-curricular interests—that is, work and leisure activities—should be listed.

Groups with whom members can share will include local institutions like those mentioned on the PROGRAM page, and any other types available locally. Through the Chapter or school Junior Red Cross Council, a survey can also be made of state institutions that will welcome gifts from Junior Red Cross members.

Home and School Health

The theme of Fitness for Service this year is Home Hygiene. The suggestion is given in the beginning that

pupils make a list of health provisions, important at school, which should also be applied in their own homes. As a starter, these points might be considered:

1. Preventing the spread of infection by washing hands before meals and after going to the toilet, and by keeping pencils and other articles out of the mouth.

"a. Direct personal contact or touching is not necessary to transfer a communicable disease.

"b. Droplet infection is more important in the respiratory diseases. Here the causative agent or micro-organism is carried in the fine droplets of saliva or discharges from the mouth or nose, when forcibly expelled by coughing, sneezing, or loud talking. Any person who may be within a range of six feet from the cause or source at this time may inhale these infected droplets.

"c. Articles recently soiled with fresh infected material are important modes of transmission. Any articles soiled in such a manner, such as hands, glasses, cups and other dishes, knives, forks, and spoons; linen, including sheets, pillow cases, towels, face cloths, handkerchiefs; all clothing, including night clothing; toys, pencils, erasers, pens, rulers and paper, will transfer for a period of time the living micro-organisms. The longer the time following contamination of these articles the less likely they are to be carrying living micro-organisms.

"The time that pathogenic micro-organisms will live away from the host varies for the different organisms."

"School Health," pub. by the Canadian Junior Red Cross.

2. Preventing accidents in the home by keeping playthings and other personal property put away instead of leaving them under foot. This habit also is important at school as well as at home.

International Correspondence in La Crosse

At the National Convention in May, three Junior delegates from La Crosse, Wisconsin, spoke on the plan for International Correspondence that has been worked out in their school system. These delegates brought with them for distribution a very attractive little booklet outlining the plan.

The results aimed at are:

1. Building better understanding of the people of the world through direct communication among school children
2. Developing initiative on the part of pupils in collecting and selecting materials and information, and in obtaining these from the children of other countries
3. Building interesting, vital, and timely study materials from the foreign countries included in the social studies program
4. Widening the interest of children in the affairs of the world
5. Developing cooperation between junior high schools and upper grades, among the same grades in different schools of the city and among the elementary, junior and senior high schools through this unifying project, of international and intersectional correspondence
6. Making Junior Red Cross a vital factor in the school experience of each child.

The school groups that may have a part include:

1. All fifth and sixth grades of the city are required, as part of the social studies program, to correspond with some state or country studied in geography.
2. This correspondence continues in the junior high school as the pupils advance.
3. Foreign language classes of senior high schools correspond with countries that speak the language studied.
4. Any class, or other organized unit, wishing to carry on correspondence, may do so.

Materials for albums and for Christmas Boxes are prepared in social studies, language, art, manual arts, and home economics classes.

A record is kept of all material sent as well as that which is received. This prevents repetition in preparing new albums and increases interest in a sustained correspondence.

The office of the upper grade and junior high school supervisor is the clearing house, with the supervisor in charge. Here all materials coming through the American Junior Red Cross are collected and distributed. Material received is:

1. Sent to the class which carries on the correspondence. This class returns the material within two weeks.
2. Sent to the junior and senior high school that is to put it into permanent form and catalog it.
3. Returned to the clearing house, from which it is distributed to all schools in the city so that each school has the material of each country for at least two weeks.
4. At the close of the term, or year, all material is returned to the clearing house, where the Junior Red Cross Council, made up of representatives from each school, reconditions it, making necessary repairs and adding new material.

Additional educational use of the material is made by exhibiting it:

1. At the first general teachers meeting in the fall
2. At the Western Wisconsin Teachers Association in the fall
3. In each school at some particular time which the pupils choose such as Junior Red Cross Roll Call period

Each principal has on file a complete catalog of all Junior Red Cross material in the city.

In her talk, Jane Howland, one of the three La-Crosse delegates, explained the system in greater detail.

"A small amount of international correspondence

was carried on a few years ago, but after a class had finished using the material it received, they put it on a shelf and forgot about it. It seems a pity that such beautiful materials as have been received should not be saved. Since interest has been renewed in this work, however, the Library Round Table, literary society of the LaCrosse Central High School, has been busily engaged in cataloging and preserving all materials on hand. The covers of all the portfolios have been covered with cellophane. Beneath the cellophane are placards on which are typed the contents, the country from which it came, and the school which received it. Several portfolios, because of careless handling, have come apart and these have been rebound.

"All exhibits which we have received have been mounted or put in boxes and these, too, have been covered with cellophane. Each box is also marked conspicuously as to which country it came from and what the contents are. Another placard is filled out to be kept on file so that when an article is asked for, the file can be consulted. The form which each teacher fills out is also kept on file, so that in case of a change of countries, no duplicates are made. When properly filled in, the form contains such information as the general nature of the portfolio, specific nature, music, handwork, kodak pictures and articles, as well as the date, city, school, teacher, and grade of group preparing the portfolio, and also the country, city, school, and grade it is to be sent to.

"When the Library Round Table has completed its work, all material will be sent to a central clearing place, from which any school or organization may obtain it for use. Although the present work is being done almost entirely by the Library Round Table, the following departments will contribute their efforts beginning next semester: The fifth and sixth grades will prepare the materials and write the letters; the junior high school manual arts classes will make the cabinets, forms, and mountings in which the exhibits will be kept; the Library Round Table and Social Studies classes will take care of the cards used in cataloging and mounting; and the senior high schools will be the sectional offices for foreign correspondence. It is planned to have a catalog in each principal's office so that a student will know where any material he desires can be found.

"Beginning in September, schedules will be made by which a school will have the opportunity to use a collection on whatever country they may be studying. It is intended that each school shall keep a collection for about two weeks. After it is through, it will exchange with another school. In this way, each school will have a chance to use the material from each country while they are studying it in the textbooks.

"Besides portfolios, many articles of clothing, dolls, toys, pressed flowers, ornaments, and many handmade articles are exchanged. One school received from Japan a kimono made by a Japanese child. Others received dolls dressed in the native Japanese costume. From Germany and Czechoslovakia came many knitted articles. It is quite evident that children from different countries are not so different after all, for we find that they, too, make rugs on spools and little

wool dolls. I was once looking at one portfolio which came from Kostany, Czechoslovakia. There was one picture in it which seemed vaguely familiar. I looked at it a second time and then I noticed in red letters 'Felix the Cat.' I turned a few pages and there was another picture of Felix. This time he was driving a modern racing car. Farther on was a picture of the hut of the witch in 'Hansel and Gretel.' So a little boy from Kentucky and a little boy from LaCrosse are really next-door neighbors who read the same funny papers, love auto races, and delight in the fairy tales of childhood.

"It was interesting to see the pressed flowers, pansies and cosmos, which seemed so American to us, in one portfolio from Germany. A small toy stove, such as is used by Japanese children, was sent to one of our schools. Another interesting contribution from Japan was a box of fruit, all handmade out of wax.

"So, we see that militarism is not the only feeling that exists in foreign countries. There is also love of nature and of the fine arts. In our ordinary school training we may miss the beautiful and good side of a country. We may learn chiefly of the wars, famines, illiteracy, but when we are given the opportunity to develop friendships with children of other countries, we see another side; and this new viewpoint means just a little more to us because we, ourselves, have established it.

"In the preparation of our portfolios, we discussed such questions as, 'What do children want most to know about our country? What is there in LaCrosse County that children would like to know? What materials would children like to receive?' One school sent a portfolio to Norway. They put in it pictures of the various sports in this section of the country. They chose to send it to Norway because two-thirds of their grand-parents had come from there.

Gertrude Berhop, also from LaCrosse, told of the

impression made on her as a younger pupil by her correspondence experiences:

"While I was in the fifth grade of the Hogan School, of LaCrosse, with Miss Josephine Kohn as teacher, I can recall the enthusiasm which ran through the class when, one day, a portfolio came to us from Germany. We were amazed at the beautiful art work, the perfect penmanship, the stories of the German holidays, and the pictures of their native land—the chalets nestled among evergreens and snow.

"An increase in the interest in school work was apparent in every member of the class. We fell to work with a will, for we now had something extremely interesting and most unusual to look forward to. We made good use of English dictionaries; we practiced penmanship, searched for information, painted pictures, mounted snapshots and photographs, collected flowers and pressed them, and arranged and re-arranged the pages. Because our album was going away over to Germany we determined that our very best work must be put into it, and as a result of the human interest, our geography lessons were very much more interesting than heretofore. We soon began to realize that these youthful foreigners were much the same as we were and were interested for the most part in the same general things.

"Our school children of the future will have available for study an exhibit which will surely leave something impressed on their minds from every country studied in the fifth and sixth grades. These exhibits will widen the horizon for many school children and finally, after our correspondence has grown in size, we hope to procure a place where our exhibits may be publicly viewed and used much the same as a museum, where parents and all people interested may come and reap benefit from the work done by the children from the fifth grade on through senior high school."

(Continued from page 1)

are successful, mount them on one page of your school correspondence album and autograph each one.

1. What is Scander's home like? 2. From the September PROGRAM page select an activity you would like your class to undertake and explain why you think it would be a good one.

1. What did you learn about Bulgaria and Honduras from the two book reviews? 2. On a globe, or a map, show where each country is.

1. How did War-Kor learn not to pick holes in sweet apples? 2. What proverb does this story illustrate?

1. How did Edward watch Molly while he went fishing? 2. How old was Edward?

1. Why did Mr. Kinney invite Johnnie to go with him on the Brown Betty? 2. Find out the requirements for becoming a Red Cross Junior Life Saver.

1. How long has Sweden had an organized postal service? 2. How much older is this than the postal service in the United States?

1. How many countries are included this month in "News from Abroad?" 2. Which of the activities reported can you copy, or adapt, in your own Junior Red Cross work?

1. Which activity under "National News" do you consider most interesting? 2. Plan a class notebook on service ideas from other schools.

UNITS

For schools that are integrating their class subjects around large units of study, the suggestions below may be helpful.

Major Functions of Social Life:

Protection and Conservation of Life, Property, and

National Resources—"A House for a Bowl," "A Letter from Latvia," "In a Bulgarian Village," "Everybody Helped"

Production, Distribution, and Consumption—"Italian Grape Harvest," "A House for a Bowl"

Communication and Transportation—"The Greatest Voyage," "The Surprise Salvager," "Swedish Stamps"

Recreation—"Nursery Rhyme Murals," "A Letter from Latvia," "In a Bulgarian Village," "More Than You Can See," "What to Do about Molly," "War-Kor, the Hen" (What was wrong with War-Kor's recreation?)

Centers of Interest:

Home and School Life—"A House for a Bowl," "A Letter from Latvia," "In a Bulgarian Village," "What to Do about Molly"

Community Life—"A House for a Bowl," "A Letter from Latvia," "In a Bulgarian Village," "Something to Read," "War-Kor, the Hen"

Adaptation of Life to Natural Environment—"Everybody Helped," "Something to Read"

Adaptation to Advancing Physical Frontiers—"The Greatest Voyage," "In a Bulgarian Village," "A House for a Bowl," "Surprise Salvager," "Swedish Stamps"

Effects of Inventions and Discoveries upon Living—"The Greatest Voyage," "In a Bulgarian Village," "A House for a Bowl," "Surprise Salvager," "Swedish Stamps"

Effects of Machine Production on Life—"A House for a Bowl," "In a Bulgarian Village," "Surprise Salvager"

Social Provision for Co-operative Living—"A House for a Bowl," "The Greatest Voyage," "A Letter from Latvia," "In a Bulgarian Village," "Everybody Helped," "Swedish Stamps"

A SMALL boy came riding over the hill on a donkey. Had he not worn a flat scarlet cap on one side of his head, he might not have been noticed, for the donkey was so loaded with brushwood, behind and before, that the boy, seated in the middle, was almost hidden. Plodding wearily through the dust beside the donkey was a woman in a long blue coat of homespun with bands of embroidery at the bottom.

When they came to a stone bridge humped up in the middle, they could look down on a house set among fig-trees on the edge of a stream. A girl stood in the doorway flapping a cloth in welcome. "There's Livia," said the boy, and gave a call.

The girl came running to meet them. "What! Did the eggs bring all that wood?" she cried, clapping her hands.

"Yes, and the spinach brought two loaves of bread. But we could not get the sugar."

"Never mind. We can have that next time. I'm trying to coax the potatoes to boil. They won't; the wood's wet."

Livia could not imagine a country where there were woodlands, and where a log was kept burning on the hearth. She and Pavlo sometimes ranged for miles looking for firewood, and even in winter most families of Salona had but one hot meal a day, and no heat in their houses. There were no forests in Dalmatia, because long ago the Venetians had cut the trees from the mountains to build their famous ships. People



They came to a stone bridge humped up in the middle

A House for a Bowl

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

had planted olive trees on the lower slopes, but they were too precious to use as fuel.

Together Livia and Pavlo brought the fagots into the house, and the donkey was turned loose to graze along the stream. When the potatoes were cooked the family crowded close to the embers, enjoying their hot meal.

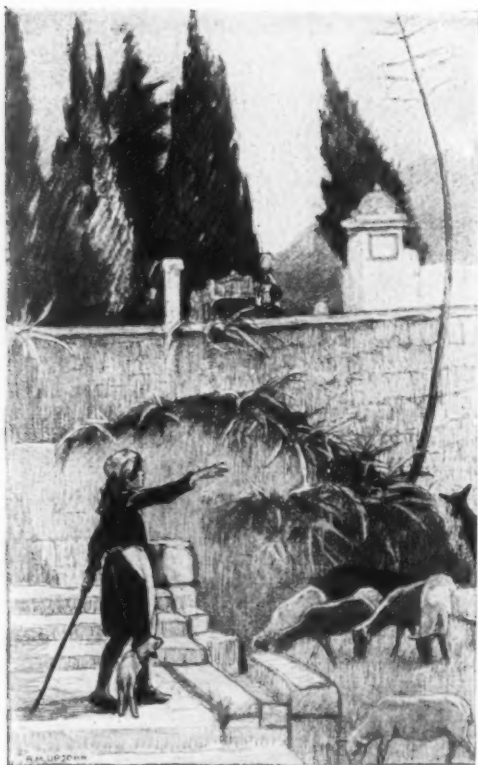
"I saw your cousin Savina today," said the mother. "I believe she has a plan to raise cabbages as the Emperor Diocletian did when he lived in Salona. Only she means to sell hers. And where did you take the sheep today, my dear?" she went on.

"To the Roman ruins; it's the best pasture land around here. Mother," she burst out, "I'm tired of ruins! We spend our lives in them. Savina lives in ruins, and so do we, for what is this old mill but a ruin?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," sighed her mother. "But what would Salona be without the ruined city? And we are lucky that your grandfather left us the mill. The curator at the museum wants to buy it. But we should be homeless. Where should we go? This is where we belong."

"We might find something better," said Livia, but she knew there were no houses to let in Salona.

Livia's home was an abandoned olive mill where once salad oil had been pressed. It had few windows, the walls were mouldy and black with smoke. In winter the floor was damp from the stream that ran under it, while in summer



The next morning Livia drove her sheep to the ruined city near her home

the water dwindled to a thread and disappeared among the stones. Then the gully became hot and breathless. But Livia's family had lived in the mill for hundreds of years.

The next morning Livia drove her sheep to the ruined city near her home.

She went to her favorite spot, warmed by sun and sheltered by a circular wall. It had been a part of the Roman baths. Here and there tile flues for heating showed between the walls and under the floor. Steps led down to a basin into which warm water had once flowed. Seated on a marble slab Livia took out her knitting. She, a Serbian girl, was herding sheep and knitting a stocking where once Roman ladies with pearls in their hair had come to bathe. Yet she was as much at home here as they had ever been—perhaps more so. She knew their city well; the forum, the narrow flagged ways, the temple columns; the foundation lines of shops and houses, in whose courts fountains had splashed. This bath had been lined with polished marble, and paved with tiles. She thought of Savina living in what had once been the Emperor Diocletian's splendid palace, and longing to get out of it.

"People shouldn't live in ruins," she said aloud.

When the afternoon was over Livia rolled up her knitting and called her sheep. One lamb was missing! There he was now, in a corner, quite out of reach on a mass of stones overgrown with ivy.

"Come, little one," called Livia. At the sound of her voice the lamb gave a gay spring, tail and legs askew, and . . . dropped out of sight! "He's fallen into a hole," thought Livia as she scrambled over the rough blocks. She heard a faint bleating and when she reached the top of the pile and tore away the ivy, she looked down into a dark cavity and saw the lamb moving about. She called and coaxed, but though uninjured, the little creature was frightened and only cried back piteously. Livia did not like going into dark places, but there was nothing else for a good shepherdess to do. Clambering cautiously down into the cellar, she lifted the trembling lamb to the edge of the pit. As soon as he felt the turf, he dug in his little hoofs, pulled himself up and scampered away.

Livia found it more difficult to get out of the cellar than into it. Twice she slipped back and the second time a stone on which she had put her foot became dislodged from the wall. With it fell an object that rang like a bell.

"It must be some Roman thing like those in the museum," she thought.

Groping about she touched a bowl. It was heavy for its size, and Livia did not know how she could climb out with it. Finally she wrapped it in her apron and tied the strings around her neck. Then seizing the strong twisted ivy that grew at the mouth of the opening, she pulled herself slowly up into the sunshine. Not until she got home did she open her apron. Then down at the stream she washed the earth from her treasure and found in her hands a thin bronze bowl, green with age. Around the top ran a band of laurel leaves, and where the ends met a bird pecked at berries.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Livia, setting it on a stone. "I suppose I must take it to the museum tomorrow."

"Yes, you must," said her mother who was cutting bedding for the goat. "It may be very choice."

She passed on while Livia on her knees gave the bowl an extra scrub.

A car rumbled over the bridge above and stopped. Strangers often halted there for the view, or to look at the Roman bridge, and Livia was not surprised to see a man coming down the bank to examine the arch. As he turned to go he noticed the bowl set on a white stone as on a pedestal.

"Where did you get that bowl?" he asked in broken Serbian.

"I found it in the ruined city."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it to the curator at the museum tomorrow."

"Don't do that. I'll give you two hundred dollars for it."

This sum translated into dinars made such a staggering total that Livia thought she must have misunderstood the man's strange speech, until he wrote it on paper. Then she sat back on her heels pale with excitement.

"I can't sell it," she gulped at last. "It doesn't belong to me."

"Why not? You found it, didn't you?"

"It was in the ruins. Everything there belongs to the community."

"What difference will one bowl make to the community?"

But Livia shook her head. "I can't, I can't," she cried, terrified by her longing to sell it.

"Look here, if you want more for it I'll double the money," said the stranger.

Livia snatched up the bowl and ran towards the house. "Ask your parents. I'll come back tomorrow," cried the man after her.

Livia met her mother on the path. "Oh, mother," she cried, "a man says he'll give us thousands and thousands of dinars for the bowl. We could buy a house with it, and everything."

Her mother looked quite frightened. "The bowl must be worth more than we had any idea of," she said. "But it doesn't belong to us; it belongs to the museum. You know the curator lets you pasture sheep in the ruins only because he is sure you will not harm or take anything away."

"Yes, I know," said Livia in a small voice, "and that's what I told the man." She almost wished she had never found the bowl. All that night she tossed and turned in bed weeping for the little house which she felt was slipping from her forever.

The next morning she sent Pavlo to collect her sheep while she hurried off to the museum.

The museum stood on a hill above the ruined city. The curator in charge of it was the friend of everyone in Salona. People often came to him with their problems, so when Livia entered he said: "Well, what now, my child?"

"I found this in the ruins," she said simply, and set the bowl before the astonished man.

"Have you been digging there?" he asked.

"Of course not," said Livia, and told her story. But she did not speak of the stranger's offer.

"Strange," said the curator, "we have searched

carefully in that corner but never found a thing. It is a rare find. Very beautiful. I should like to give you something for it," he added kindly. "Isn't there some one thing you wish more than anything else in the world?"

"Yes," replied Livia promptly, "a house!"

"What! A house in exchange for a bowl?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Livia, confused, "but you asked me."

"Yes, I did. And now tell me why you don't like the mill. Isn't it a good house? I have had my eye on that mill for some time, but your mother won't sell it."

"No, she doesn't want to because it's her old home. Of course it is strong and big, but it's dark and damp, too. I should like a house with windows; one that we can keep clean."

"Well, I'll think it over and see what can be done, but I can't give a house for a bowl, you know."

"I asked for nothing," said Livia proudly. "I came to bring the bowl."

"You did the right thing, my dear, and the museum is grateful to you," said the curator.

When Livia was outside she shed a few angry tears. Why had she said she wanted a house? It had just popped out because she was always thinking of it, and now she had lost it forever!

As she took a short cut down the hill to join Pavlo in the ruined city she saw the stranger in his car driving up to the museum.

"I'm glad the bowl is already there," she thought.

That evening when Livia was lighting the fire, the curator came to see her mother.

"You know, Marie Petrovna," he said, tapping the walls, "I have long wanted to repair this mill and set it going again. It is well built. A window cut in here, a new floor, some modern machinery, and it would be a good olive mill once more. The district needs one. Now I have a small house vacant in the vineyards on the hill. It has a fine well. What would you say to moving up there and letting me buy the mill?"

The mother stood irresolute. "My father and grandfathers lived here," she said. "Some day the mill must go to Pavlo."

"Very well then, don't sell it. I will pay rent for it and you can pay me a smaller rent for the house. What do you say, Pavlo?"

"I'm for it," said Pavlo.

"Then I am, too," said his mother, "and I know Livia is."

"Why, everything is happening all at once!" cried Livia, and threw an extra fagot on the fire in her excitement. "And you really have given us a house for a bowl!" she said to the curator.



A yellow slave followed the Commander about the flagship

The Greatest Voyage of All

EDNA POTTER

Illustrations by the Author

ONE September morning in the year 1519, there was great excitement in the harbor of San Lucar de Barrameda. Five little ships were making ready to sail. Orders rang out in Spanish and Portuguese, while French, Italian, German, Greek, and Basque mingled with the sing-song of African as the work went on. These ships were manned by as mixed a crew as ever sailed the seven seas. There was one Englishman among them; and a turbaned, yellow slave from halfway round the world followed the Commander about the flagship. The slave was the least important person there, perhaps, but on this voyage he was to gain a strange and lasting distinction.

Soon pennants were flying, sails were hoisted, anchors were weighed, and the fleet sailed out to the open sea. The curious citizens of San Lucar watching from the shore would have been amazed if anyone had told them they had just seen the beginning of the greatest voyage of all time. Those five clumsy little vessels were top-heavy fore and aft. Their hulls were patched and shabby. They were manned by a crew of

ne'er-do-wells, rounded up in the city streets. They were commanded by a vigorous Portuguese navigator, black-bearded and beetle-browed. In the eyes of all sensible stay-at-homes this Ferdinand Magellan was setting off on a wild-goose chase. Imagine sailing southwest to reach the East! Imagine trying to sail around the world! Why not sail around the moon and be done with it, said the citizens of San Lucar.

King Charles's councilors had spent hours arguing about Magellan's idea before they had agreed that it was worth trying. Magellan had brought his plan to Spain after Portugal had refused it, just as Columbus had done nearly thirty years before. He was excited about the Great South Sea that lay beyond the New World. Balboa had just discovered that. Beyond the sea, said Magellan, lay all the riches of the Orient, and he would find a water-passage across or around the land that blocked the way to that sea.

Magellan compared the unknown land to Africa. He could remember Diaz, who had first sailed the length of Africa and rounded its south-

ern tip, the Cape of Good Hope. He spoke to the councilors of Vasco da Gama, who, sailing farther on that same course, had been the first to reach India by sea. Magellan, himself, had sailed over that route in the service of Portugal. He told of treasure-houses in India overflowing with silks, diamonds, rubies, and pearls, and of the Spice Islands where cloves, ginger, cinnamon, and pepper could be had for a bell or a cheap red cap. And spice was worth in these days nearly its weight in gold in Europe. He read them letters from an old comrade of the voyage who was living in oriental splendor, as adviser to an island king. To make the East more real he brought before them his turbaned Malay slave, Enrique.

But it was not until a rich trader in oriental goods guaranteed the heavy expense of fitting out ships for the voyage that the matter was finally settled.

Then came a year of preparation. Five little ships, all in sad need of repair, were overhauled from stem to stern and stored with an amazing amount of supplies; for Magellan was going around an unknown world. There would not be a supply station on the way. At last all was ready, Magellan said good-bye to his young wife and little son, and the fleet set sail.

Six days later they put in at the Canaries for a last supply of water and wood. While they were there a Spanish caravel arrived bringing a warn-

ing. Cartagena, captain of the *San Antonio*, was plotting mutiny. "With good men or evil, I shall do my work. To this end have I offered my life," said Magellan.

Dead calm and then howling storms delayed the voyagers. Two months passed and still there was no sight of land. Rations were cut. Cartagena sneered at this wise decision and questioned the Admiral's navigation. Openly he disobeyed orders. His command was given to another.

At last on December thirteenth, the fleet entered the bay which we know as the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Ashore the voyagers found friendly natives. Everyone feasted on tapirs and fowl, sweet potatoes and pineapples. The men celebrated Christmas before they began the long search for a passage to the Great South Sea.

For three months the ships coasted southward, nosing up every river until they were sure of its end. With every mile the shore grew more bleak and cold. Violent storms beat them and at last they put in for the long Antarctic winter at a place that they named *Puerta San Julian*.

In April the men looked out on a frozen dreary waste and remembered that it was spring in Spain. Even Magellan was disheartened. But he kept faith in his great idea. Suppose there was no passage across it, surely this great continent must come to an end. Some day they would round its southern tip. In the meantime, hard days were ahead, and while fish and fowl were to be had, Magellan decided to save as much as he could of the food supply. That decision was more than the sullen, homesick men could bear.

On Easter Sunday three ships were in open mutiny. In the morning, messengers boarded the flagship *Trinidad*, and told Magellan that if he would restore full rations and agree to sail for home at once, the captains would again acknowledge his authority. The Admiral's action was quick and decisive. He ordered the captain of the *Victoria* to report to him at once. The captain laughed and refused. Armed messengers who had brought the order seized him and at the same instant a boatload of men from the flagship leaped aboard the *Victoria*. The attack was so sudden that the dazed mutineers surrendered without a struggle. Then Magellan lined his three ships across



The voyagers saw a gigantic man on the beach dancing and pouring sand on his head

the mouth of the harbor, barring the other two from escape. Every man was armed, ready for action. The day passed and darkness fell. During the night a wild storm rose. The wind screamed through the rigging. Huge waves pounded the sides. Watchers aboard the flagship saw a strange sight. Out of the darkness, the *San Antonio* came staggering toward them. It was not an attack. She was dragging her anchors, driven before the wind. A last lunge brought her alongside. In a moment the men of the *Trinidad* were leaping aboard. A few minutes of hard fighting and the battle was won. When the mutineers aboard the *Concepcion* saw what had happened they, too, surrendered. The mutiny was ended.

Forty mutineers were tried and found guilty. The men were pardoned but given hard labor at the pumps. Two of the leaders were put to death and Cartagena was marooned on the barren shore. There was no more mutiny while Magellan lived.

Late in April the *Santiago* sailed south to explore the coast. In a sudden squall she was driven ashore and beaten to a mass of wreckage. One man was lost. The others endured such hardships in the sixty-mile trek back to Port San Julian that their comrades did not recognize them on their arrival. There was no more coastal exploration for a while.

One day the voyagers were surprised to see a gigantic man on the beach singing and dancing and pouring sand on his head. He was dressed in skins and his feet, wrapped in clumsy bundles of skins, looked so huge that the Spaniards called him a Patagonian, or a man with big feet. They fed him and offered him gifts. When the Patagonian saw his reflection in the mirror they had given him, he jumped backwards, so suddenly that he knocked four men to the ground. Later more Patagonians appeared and the men captured two of them, meaning to take them home as a present to King Charles. Of course there was trouble after that, and a Spaniard was killed by a poisoned arrow.

In October, the fleet got under way and journeyed south once more. Three days later they rounded a headland and entered an opening like a great bay. Magellan had found his passage. It was the strait that bears his name today.

The captain of the *San Antonio* wanted to return to Spain for a larger fleet before going farther. Said Magellan, "We will go on, even if we have to eat the leather on the ship's yards." The ships separated to search the arms of the strait. A few days later, the *Trinidad* made sure

that this was indeed the long-sought passage to the Great South Sea. In the meantime, the *San Antonio* had stolen away for home.

Later in November the three ships sailed out into an ocean so peaceful that Magellan named it the Pacific. Day after day they sailed on. It seemed there was no end to that vast ocean. Magellan had said, "If we eat the leather on the ship's yards," and now they did just that. The last wormy biscuit was eaten. The water turned stagnant in the kegs. Leather from the main-yards was soaked in sea-water, baked, and eaten with sawdust. If a man could get hold of a rat he staved off starvation a little longer. Two tiny islands were landed and explored. Both were quite barren. We know now that there are fertile islands along the way. Somehow the voyagers missed them all. Seven men had died and more were dying when, in March, the ships dropped anchor off the island of Guam. They had been sailing the Pacific for ninety-eight days.

Natives swarmed out and clambered aboard the ships, stealing everything they could lay hands on. Magellan named the group of islands the Ladrões, or Robber Islands. But food was plentiful. Fresh vegetables, bananas, sugar cane, and coconut milk put new life in the men.

Seven days later the ships were among the islands we know as the Philippines. One day the Malay slave, Enrique, found natives who understood his language. After that, trading was easy. Caps and bells paid for fish, palm-wine, and bananas, and more important—spice! The voyagers were nearing their goal. At Cebu the island king received them graciously and Spain was granted the trading rights of the kingdom. Friendly islanders gathered to learn something of the Christian religion from Magellan. And every islander was baptized. The king and the admiral pledged eternal peace.

Future power here would be sure, Magellan reasoned, if the islanders were allied under one king who was friendly to Spain. So he called together the chiefs to pledge them to accept the King of Cebu as their leader. But the chief of Mactan could not be brought to terms. The admiral had come to look for obedience to his commands. No one could dissuade him from his decision of swift punishment. At midnight he rowed with sixty men to the island of Mactan. Cebu's king with a thousand warriors, followed him reluctantly. In the morning he begged Magellan to let him lead the attack. He knew the lay of the land, he said. Magellan told the king to stay where he was and to watch how Spaniards fought.

As the men leaped from their boats and waded

ashore, hundreds of enraged natives rushed into the water to meet them. The attackers were dressed in wooden armor and the musketeers and cross-bowmen could do them little harm. The islanders, however, soon found that, though their spears could not pierce Spanish body armor, they could wound legs and faces. Eight men were soon lying dead in the water. Many more were horribly wounded. Magellan's leg was pierced by a poisoned arrow. Advance was impossible. He ordered a slow retreat. Instead, the men fled in wild disorder. Six or eight loyal friends stood by their leader, but he was wounded again and again. In the end he lay face down in the reddened water while shrieking natives ran him through.

Sadly the men returned to their ships. Then the King of Cebu, who had wept at Magellan's death, suddenly turned treacherous. Twenty-five voyagers accepted his invitation to a feast and were massacred. One unproved story has it that Enrique, the slave, resenting unkind treatment after his master's death, stirred up the trouble with some false story.

Two hundred and seventy-five men had sailed from Spain. One hundred and fifteen were left to go on. The *Concepcion* was no longer seaworthy. She was abandoned and the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria* sailed southward. Soon they were cruising among the Spice Islands. Magellan's aim was realized, though he had not lived to see it. Here was spice in plenty. The men bartered even their shirts and coats for a cargo that would bring them wealth. Then the overladen *Trinidad* sprang a leak and had to lay up

for repairs. The little *Victoria* with forty-seven aboard sailed on, around the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa toward home. Raging storms beat the ship. Nearly a third of the crew died of scurvy and starvation, before the Cape Verde islands were sighted. In desperate need the voyagers put in for help. All went well until a greedy sailor tried to sell cloves in these Portuguese islands. Portugal claimed all rights of trade in the Spice Islands. In her eyes, the voyagers had been poaching in Portuguese fields. Every man ashore was seized. The *Victoria* made a dash for safety with eighteen men aboard.

The men had something to puzzle over for the rest of the voyage. According to every record kept on the ship, they had landed at Cape Verde on Wednesday, July 9. Ashore they found it was Thursday, July 10. Following the course of the sun they had gained a day. They could not understand it. On September 6, 1522, the storm-worn *Victoria* crept into the harbor of San Lucar de Barrameda. The first ship to sail around the world was home.

Honors and rewards were given to the voyagers. Those who had been held at Cape Verde were released and shared in the honors and profits. It is safe to guess that no one thought much about the slave, Enrique. But he had come to Europe from his Malay home by way of the Cape of Good Hope and he had reached his own part of the world again on this voyage. Enrique, the Malay slave, was the first man to encircle the world.

The voyage had proved that the earth is round.



Natives swarmed out and clambered aboard the ships



Latvian Juniors sewing a national costume for a doll

A Letter from Latvia

BACK in the year 1285, before our half of the world was even dreamed of, the Teutonic Knights, a powerful German military order, were holding much of the land which is now the independent republic of Latvia. In order to hold it against the attacks of Lithuanians, Russians, and Poles, the Knights built on rising ground on the River Utroja a strong fort. Now, on that site in the western part of Latvia is the town of Rezekne and in the public school of Rezekne are correspondents with Columbia School, Evansville, Indiana, in the United States. In their album the Latvian children told about their old-new country:

THE Latvians were known in ancient times. They lived on the coast of the Baltic Sea. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the coast of the Baltic Sea was visited by strangers, missionaries who wanted to teach the Latvians Christianity. After many long fights the Latvians were conquered and lived seven hundred years under foreign rule. After the World War all the Baltic nations secured their freedom. On November 18, 1918, Latvia became an independent republic.

Latvia borders on Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Estonia, and the Baltic Sea. The geographic situation of Latvia is very favorable. Latvia is a beautiful country of about the same area as your state of West Virginia. It has a mild climate and there are many beautiful spots for

rest, vacationing, and restoration of health.

The population of Latvia is about two million. Of these, three fourths are Latvians. The others are Russians, Germans, Poles, and Jews.

Our chief crops are rye, wheat, oats, barley, and flax. The Latvians are engaged in agriculture and cattle-breeding, and we export bacon. Forestry is well developed, and so are fishing, trade, and industry.

Our town of Rezekne is surrounded by mountains covered with trees and situated on a little lake. One day some of us went for a walk, climbed the highest mountain, and looked at the beautiful scenery before our eyes. We saw the church and the ruins of the old castle. Across the town flows a rivulet and on this rivulet are two mills which are kept running by water power.

There are several schools in our town. There is also the People's University and the Teachers' College. Rezekne is one of the most beautiful towns in Latvia.

The Valkenberg castle hill is in the vicinity of Rezekne. There is an old tale about this hill. Once upon a time a farmer worked there, and a passer-by began to speak with him. The farmer asked where the stranger was going. The latter answered that he was seeking for his luck. So he went away and met on the way an old man with a white beard. The old man asked him again, where he was going. He answered that he was going to seek his luck. The old man advised

him to go to the Valkenberg hill and that there he would find his luck. The stranger arrived at a cave in the Valkenberg hill and saw there a girl with two big dogs. In the cave he saw two big barrels and the girl advised him to take one of them and go away as soon as possible. He did as she said. He came down the hill, put the barrel on the ground, covered it with stones and went again back for the second barrel. The girl didn't give him the second barrel and sent him away. He did not find even his first barrel when he came down the hill, but he saw the same old man who said that he was punished, because he wanted too much—for who wants too much receives nothing!

Our customs are not like yours. We have many festivals. One of these is in summer and is called Whitsunday. It is one of the merriest festivals, because all nature is in her great splendor. The evening before we go to the forest and cut some birches and carry them home. Next day we put these birches in the room near the beds and windows and in other corners. In the morning we go to church. In the afternoon we play games or take a walk over the fields and meadows. But it is very sultry and we return home. It is very pleasant to sleep in the rooms because all around us birches smell nice. It seems as if we were sleeping in the forest.



Latvian national costumes and a J. R. C. banner were sent to Belgium

In a Bulgarian Village

IN THE early fall, boys and girls of the Bulgarian uplands bring down from the mountain pastures the sheep and goats which they have been tending all summer. Lessons must begin again in the village school. The schoolmaster is almost always a man who has lived for years in the village. In many places he has taught the fathers and mothers of this year's pupils. His wife may help him with the teaching. The farmers live in villages and go back and forth to work their fields. Here is what children of Gorno Ozirovo tell about country life in their part of Bulgaria in the album they sent to correspondents in a school in Fairmont, Minnesota:

THE Bulgarian peasant families are large. Sometimes they consist of fifteen to twenty members.

The eldest of the men is the head of the family. He is like a dictator in the home. All the sons, daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren have their meals at

the same table. They all go to work while only the eldest of the women remains at home. A peasant family is a cheerful one.

In Bulgaria tilling the ground is still done in a primitive way. Every man has a piece of land which he tills himself, and so it is hard to introduce the agricultural machines. The ploughing is done with a wooden plough which is very hard for the peasants, as well as for the oxen. But Bulgarians are persistent in their labor and thus they are able to overcome all obstacles. We suppose that you don't have such plows in your country, and we are often inclined to envy you for living in a rich and well-cultivated country.

When the field is already plowed the sower goes around and scatters the seed with his hand. Then with a harrow of thorns he covers the seeds. The wheat sowing is in September and October, while the sowing of corn, oats, rye, and millet is done in April and May.

The grain and hay are cut with a scythe. Every owner of land is at the same time the



On the way home from the village well

mower of that land. In mowing time the fields resound with the songs of the cheerful mowers and hay-gatherers.

The roads are crowded with carts loaded with fresh, nice-smelling hay, which is the winter food for our cattle.

In our country harvest time is usually in June and July. The reaping is done by hand. The reapers are mostly women.

In most parts of the country reaping is quite primitive. Only in some of the larger plains in the north and the south of Bulgaria do they use reaping machines.

Our native village, Gorno-Orizovo, is located in the Stara-Planina Mountains. The place is not rich and the conditions for earning one's living are hard. The main occupation of the people is cattle-raising. In spring, when the mountains are clothed in green, one can hear the melodious sound of the young shepherd's pipe. We, the pupils, spend the summer vacation up in the mountains with the sheep and goats.

Most of our peasants do not

cook on stoves, but in the hearth. The women and girls of our villages, after finishing the field work, gather together and do handwork such as knitting, spinning, or embroidering.

Our national instrument is the bagpipe. It is made of lamb skin.

On holidays the girls and boys of our villages gather in the village square and play native dances called "horos."

On January seventh we celebrate Christmas. On Christmas Eve young boys, called Christmas carolers, go from house to house to announce that Jesus Christ was born that night. They sing Christmas songs praising God and asking Him to bless that home and make it happy.

The host or hostess gives them money, or dried fruit. We have fifteen days' vacation for Christmas.

Another holiday that we all like is the New Year. The eve before the New Year we supply ourselves with cornel branches and go from house to house.

When we enter a house we strike all the members of the family with the cornel twigs and wish them health, strength, and happiness for the New Year. The eldest of the family gives each of us a coin, small change which has been specially prepared for us. Thus we go visiting all night long.

On New Year's day we gather together again and everyone of us counts the money he has collected. We enjoy such holidays so much.



Sifting wheat after the harvest which comes in June or July

Everybody Helped

LAST spring when the floods came down upon the northeastern part of the United States and tornadoes left a broad track of desolation in the South, the people of the whole country were asked to help. And they did. Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of dollars, came in day after day to the Red Cross to be used for the victims of flood and tempest. And, as never before in any great national disaster, the Junior Red Cross members everywhere sent in their contributions to swell the total. As never before, the Juniors seemed aware of the need, and wanted to do something to help. No pressure was put upon them. They themselves asked that they might be allowed to raise whatever they could to send in to the Red Cross relief fund. All classes, from kindergarten to twelfth grade, took part.

The Juniors thought up all sorts of ways for getting their money. When a teacher had told the children in the kindergarten of the Columbus School in Rome, New York, about the sufferers from floods and tornadoes, and what was to be done for them, candy pennies were given at once to the Red Cross fund. Next morning, the children talked over what else they could do and decided on a sale of things they could make in the classroom. They got some samples ready—kites, at one, two, and three cents; pinwheels, at one and two cents; woven holders for mothers, at five cents. A committee was appointed to go to the other rooms in the school, show the samples, and ask the higher grades to attend the sale. The kindergarten was kept busy for two weeks filling the orders and turned over four dollars to the Red Cross relief fund. Fifty Juniors of Hawley Junior High School, Northampton, Massachusetts, made hundreds of pretty nut cups in tulip shapes and different colors for the fund. Members of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, made and decorated paper shoes of all sizes and numbers and the purchaser gave pennies to correspond with the size that fit him. The fifth grade at Chamberlain, South Dakota, published a mime-



A playground was arranged in Tupelo, Mississippi, for children whose families were living in box-cars after the recent tornado

ographed paper and sold enough advertising space in it to get \$3.63 for the relief fund. The amounts of money raised, though these did come to thousands of dollars when added together, were not important. The fact that children from North, South, East, and West, wanted to help and did, was very important indeed.

The Junior Red Cross was only just getting started in Rockford, Illinois. But members there made toys for children who had lost their playthings in the disasters.

A few years ago when the great drought was blighting so many crops and making so many people hungry and desolate, the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, sent a carload of food for drought victims in Estill County, Kentucky, which was hard hit by lack of rain. This year, when Pittsburgh was very hard hit indeed by too much rain, the Red Cross Chapter in Estill County sent in money for the relief fund, and the Juniors there said they hoped that the \$43.60 which they had raised might find its way to the aid of somebody in Pittsburgh.

Because Junior Red Cross members all over the country had not forgotten to send their checks for the National Children's Fund, money was ready and waiting there when calls began to come for school books for children who had lost them when their homes or schools were flooded or blown down. Nearly one thousand dollars were spent from the Fund to replace lost school books.

The town of Tupelo, Mississippi, was ripped through by one of the tornadoes and some of the people who were left homeless had to be sheltered in box cars until new houses could be built for them. Two railroads lent the cars which were drawn up in long lines on the fair grounds.

Now, it is a pretty terrifying thing to go through the horrors of a tornado and it doesn't help any when you have to be living in a freight car under the hot sun. That is why the National Children's Fund was called upon again. Five hundred dollars were used to finance a playground for the children living in the box cars. The attractive playground teacher got several women in the town to help her and they made plans so that there was something interesting going on every day. A notice in the paper brought in toys and magazines and games for the club room set up in a storeroom on the fair grounds. Every

morning there were children waiting to get into the club room. There were stories and reading aloud, and the girls knitted and made doll clothes, while the boys played games and many of them enjoyed painting, reading, and making scrapbooks. Outside there were games of volleyball, baseball, and croquet. There were swings and slides and see-saws. One night there was a tacky party, which was a glorious success. There were hikes and picnics and concerts and plays. In this way, the children were helped to forget their discomforts and to lose their fear that another tornado might come roaring upon them.

More Than You Can See

A SCHOOL in the United States slipped into one of the little boxes of Christmas gifts sent by the Junior Red Cross there to fellow members far away a note that said: "Dear Friends:

When you receive this box of Christmas presents from us, please know that in it there are many more things than you can see; that is, our best wishes and our warm friendship."

And that's the whole point of the thousands of Christmas boxes which go from school rooms of the United States each year to children all over Europe and in Samoa, Japan, Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines. They are meant to convey friendly greetings and to betoken interest in other children, wherever they may be. If that spirit doesn't go into the preparation of the contents, then better not send anything at all. That is why it is so much more fun to make as many as possible of the small gifts for the packages, rather than just buying all of them. Moreover, the gifts that are bought are somehow worth much more if the money for them is earned or saved and not just asked for from father or mother.

Into the seventeen boxes packed by Juniors of State College, Pennsylvania, went work done on the hand looms of the school, small scarves, woven purses, and similar gifts. There were also tiny wooden animals carved by the boys, and knitted dolls and beaded necklaces of all kinds. The youngest children shared in the giving and the primary classes gave a send-off Christmas party on the day their boxes were ready to go, although it was a long time before Christmas, of course. As you know, the gifts must be shipped well ahead so as to reach the other side in time.

Preparations should start in September in order to have the big boxes of cartons for Europe in New York by the end of October. Money from the National Children's Fund pays transportation costs.

Estonia is one of the countries where the boxes must come into port ahead of the early winter freezes. In that country the gifts from America are used by the members of the Estonian Junior Red Cross to give added pleasure to children they themselves are remembering at Christmas time. The head of the Estonian Junior Red Cross wrote about last year's gifts:

"Thirteen years in succession Estonian children have received the gifts from American Juniors, thirteen years these gifts have brought Christmas joy to many hundreds of indigent children.

"At Tallinn, a Christmas feast was arranged on the twenty-second of December in the large concert hall 'Estonia.' At the call of our Junior Red Cross, about one thousand children whose parents could not afford to buy any gifts for them, assembled within the concert hall to extend greetings to the President (or Head of the State, as he is called in our country) and to receive the gifts sent by American children. This year, the President had with him his little grandson, a boy of four years of age. The festival opened with the singing of the Junior Red Cross anthem, for which the entire audience stood. A high school choir gave a vocal program. After speeches by the President and the chairman of the Junior Red Cross, all sang the national anthem. Then on the stage appeared Father Christmas and the distribution of the gifts began.

"A Christmas feast for children under school age was arranged on the fifth of January in the Red Cross hall. Our Central Committee also kept in mind the faithful Junior Red Cross members in the provinces and sent to active circles more than five hundred Christmas boxes."

Some of the boxes received a warm welcome up in the Matanuska Valley in Alaska. Last year, the colonists who had gone up there from Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin were only beginning to get settled in the new surroundings. Now, according to reports, things are going well with the pioneer families. Miss Pearl Williams, the Red Cross nurse with the settlers, told about the Christmas party:

"We have just had the big Christmas party! It was a big party, too.

"After a week of suspense and anxiety the community auditorium had finally reached the point where it might be wired and heated. As there was only a rough floor and single windows it was impossible to heat it very much, but we were conscious of heat when we stood near a radiator. The stage had a background of spruce boughs with our Red Cross flag in the center. There were two huge Christmas trees that reached the ceiling on each side of it. The hall is large and all the gay red and green snow suits of the children made it very colorful.

"After considerable waiting the Alaska Steamship Company entertainers arrived. Santa Claus came in all his glory and proceeded immediately to distribute gifts, consisting of oranges, apples, and toys for all boys and girls.

"The mother of one of our colonists made the Santa Claus suit for us and trimmed it with white flannel. It made a most attractive outfit and we were very proud of our Red Cross Santa Claus—the editor of the Valley newspaper.

"We were impressed with the very nice gifts that were packed in the Junior Red Cross boxes. I am sure these children will enjoy them, for everything was appropriate and attractive. The Junior Red Cross of Seattle sent three large cartons of gifts and Mrs. Sedille [the nurse who went to Alaska with the colonists, who is now married] had also saved a big box of toys and boxes from the things that were given when the first group sailed in May. Every child received at least three packages besides nuts and candy and fruit."

For weeks and even months after Christmas,



The McKinley School in Mason City, Iowa, preparing Christmas boxes to be sent abroad

all sorts of expressions of thanks and friendliness come back to the American Juniors—letters, dolls in costume, toys, original paintings and drawings, albums.

Many Belgian schools made special thank-you albums full of drawings, photographs, and interesting short articles. A school from the Belgian province of Hainaut sent a doll with this explanation of its costume:

"We are very appreciative of the two pretty boxes that you sent to our school for Christmas.

"We are hastening to send you in our turn a little man with a large plumed hat who is a clown from Binche. We have made this ourselves.

"Binche is a city in our province of Hainaut, where at carnival time there is a great parade of masqueraders with more than two hundred clowns in costume who carry baskets of oranges. The hat of one clown may cost more than a thousand francs. On that day all of Belgium and many strangers go to Binche because this spectacle is so magnificent. There are dances from morning till night and the clowns throw thousands of oranges. We hope this little story from our folk lore will interest you.

"Receive, dear friends, together with our thanks, our best wishes for the New Year."

Those who decide to take part in filling Christmas boxes this year, have a lot of fun ahead of them. Find out from the Junior leader in your Red Cross Chapter what you should put in the boxes and how to get them started on their way.

And remember to put into your Christmas boxes "many more things than you can see."

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1936, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. XVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1936

No. 1

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We believe in service for others, in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in worldwide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make its work successful in our school and community, and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands.

UGO MOCHI

FOR many years the sights and scents and the gay voices of the grape harvest in Italy were familiar things to Ugo Mochi, who made the cover for this month. He was born in Florence and as soon as he could hold a pencil or a pair of scissors he began drawing and cutting pictures. He was entered at ten years of age in the Academy of Fine Arts in his native city. Five years later his parents died. His relatives thought he should have a more practical training; so they sent him to a technical school. But the boy wanted to study art. He ran off to the industrial city of Milan where he kept himself by doing drawings of machines. At eighteen he went to Berlin where he had been promised help in training his fine singing voice. After all, the help was not given, but Mochi was able to earn his living by singing in restaurants in the evening. His days he spent in the Berlin Zoo, watching the animals, sketching them with his pencil or modeling them in clay. At last the head of an art school in Berlin discovered him and he got a scholarship for sculpture in the school. But he kept on with his singing and with his silhouettes, which attracted much attention. When he exhibited the cut-outs in London,

he got so many orders that he had no time left for singing. Queen Mary bought one of the most beautiful of his pictures for the Windsor Castle collection. Ever since then Ugo Mochi has spent most of his time making silhouettes. He cuts them from black paper using not scissors but a sharp little penknife which he handles as quickly and deftly as if it were a pencil. He now lives in America.

THE PROGRAM PICTURE

WHAT do you suppose the Albanian boy is carrying in those big metal cans? He is taking the half-weekly milk supply to his village in the hills. Fortunately the people expect the milk to be clabber and like it that way. They will eat it on stewed green peppers or black bread.

Scander raises sheep on the high, stony pastures. He carries his pelts to market and sells them to merchants who fashion them into dainty, up-pointed Turkish slippers.

None of the family would think of leaving their mountain home for the more comfortable life of coast and plain. They live in a high stone house, the lower floor of which is without windows and is used as a stable for the donkey and the sheep. On the second floor all the windows can be fortified, because the house was built in the days of perpetual warfare with the Turks. Always it is filled with the smell of wood smoke, for there is no proper hearth, only a fire built in the middle of the room on the stone floor, into which a log is shoved as it burns away. But here the mountain family lives proud and free.

Scander scorns the townspeople because long ago they consented to live under the rule of the Turk. When he goes down among them he hangs a blue bead on his donkey's forehead, to protect him against the Evil Eye. For himself he fears nothing.—A. M. U.

MORE IMPORTANT

IN CHINA they tell a story of a doctor who had been called in to see a sick man. He treated him so unskillfully that the man died. Thereupon the family seized the doctor and tied him to a post, intending to punish him. But during the night he got loose from the cord that held him, and escaped by swimming across a large river.

On reaching his home, the doctor found his son hard at work studying medical books.

"My son," said he, "don't you be in such a hurry to study your books. The first and the most important thing for a doctor to do is to learn to swim!"

—From Harmsworth's Children's Encyclopedia

Something to Read

DOBRY

Monica Shannon: Viking Press, New York: \$2.00
(Ages 11 to 13 years)

DOBRY was a Bulgarian peasant boy who lived and grew up in a mountain village in the way that most Bulgarian peasant boys do. He was typical except that he had a special talent which made him have even more fun out of life than most of the others.

In Dobry's village the spring and fall always began with the coming of the gypsy bear. The older men in particular looked forward to the arrival of the bear, because he could give them a good massage after the hard summer's work or the long winter cold. The children discovered first when the bear was coming, then the whole town turned out with flutes and bagpipes to welcome the gypsies and their bear. One year Dobry and Neda, the little girl from across the street, were the first to know about him.

The bear was small and cinnamon-brown, and he shuffled as he walked. One by one, beginning with the mayor and oldest citizens, the peasants lay down on the ground and let the bear walk up and down across them, shuffling and rubbing with his feet as he went. After his massage each man would jump up with a shout feeling as if he had had a long vacation, and ready for anything. In the spring, the gypsy bear tried out the water of the river before anyone in the village would think of going into it; if it was not too cold and swift for the bear, the entire village went in for a swim to celebrate the arrival of spring and warm weather.

Dobry's grandfather wore a sash that fascinated Dobry even after he was little. Into it were tucked any number of odd things, and you never could tell what grandfather was going to pull out of it. He used it as another man would pockets, carrying money, flute, tomatoes and cheese, or anything else that occurred to him, in its folds. Grandfather was truly a fascinating story teller, and many of his stories are told in the book. As Dobry grew older, grandfather seemed to understand certain things better than anyone else.

Finally Dobry won the village prize by taking

a dive that few boys of any nationality would dare to take. He decided to use the money for art studies in Sofia. Neda hated to see him go, but he told her he would come back.

The book is an unusually interesting story of a regular boy's life as it is in Bulgaria. Many of the incidents are true. It was Dobry himself who made the illustrations for this book.



CHILDREN OF BANANA LAND

Melicent Humason Lee: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.: \$2.00

(Ages 6 to 8)

DOWN in tropical Honduras, in Central America, lived Benito and Lola, two Indian children. They lived with their uncle and aunt, Tio Lorenzo and Tia Susana, in a clearing of the jungle. Tio Lorenzo was starting a banana farm in the clearing. He was very proud of it indeed.

Before the bananas were taken to the boat landing to be sold, Benito went on a little scouting expedition. He liked to

ride through the jungle alone. There were many things that he had to be careful of, but the jungle was beautiful with large scarlet flowers and gayly colored parrots. Once or twice he heard a loud scream, and was frightened until he saw that it was only a monkey scolding at him. Once he stopped and slid off his donkey, for he heard a strange sound. It was a soft sucking noise, and he tip-toed along until he could see what made it. Then he laughed. An old Indian woman sat on a log, smoking a cigar. Benito's ears were so sharp that he had heard her in the silence of the forest.

At the boat landing, some men looked over the bananas and bought the good ones. The water was green with bunches that had been thrown away. But all of theirs were good. So Tio Lorenzo headed into the village, and there they bought what they needed, and enough more to have a real feast. They bought a turtle, some crocodile eggs, and a few mangos. Yet the best part of the feast was bananas. After dinner a friend of theirs told them of some of the strange ways that people in other lands eat bananas. The strangest way, they thought, was the North American way.—C. E. W.



He opened his mouth wide and rushed straight at War Kor

War Kor, The Hen

IRENE BENNETT NEEDHAM

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

WAR KOR was a hen.

The farmer's son said she was just a Plymouth Rock hen, but War Kor was sure she was a very beautiful bird indeed because her beak was so yellow.

Even the ducks that said "quack quack" on the pond didn't have yellower beaks than War Kor.

When she thought of that, she polished it on the grass, swipe, swipe, left, right, and then she puffed herself up until all her feathers stood out and she looked just like a big feather duster.

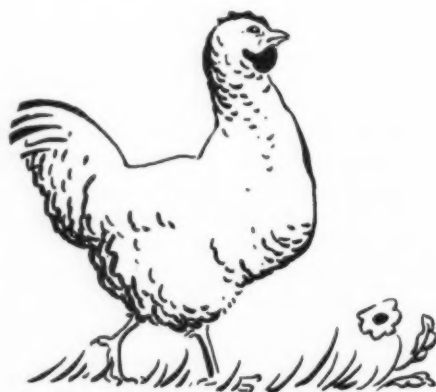
War Kor was proud of her feathers too. The feathers on her neck shone in the sunshine like new pennies, and the feathers on her back shone like new nickels and dimes.

When the farmer's boy opened the coop, War Kor strutted into the farmyard. She lifted her yellow feet high

in the air, and she set them down in the grass, tick, tick, tick.

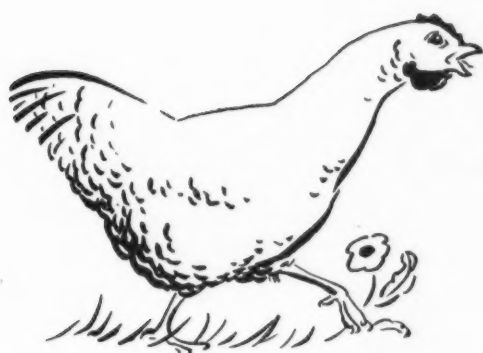
When she walked she moved her head back and forth with every step and she sang "War-kor, kor, kor—Kor." That is how she got her name.

When War Kor walked along with her feet going tick, tick, tick on the green grass, and her yellow beak open wide, singing, "War, kor, kor," all the other chickens got out of the way. They thought War Kor looked very grand indeed. War Kor thought so, too.



War Kor was proud of her feathers

When War Kor saw that all the other hens stepped to one side when she came along, she lifted her feet higher still, and instead of just singing "War-kor-kor," she sang "WOR-R-R KOR-R-R KORK!" in such a big voice that all the other chickens stopped their cackling to listen,



She lifted her yellow feet high in the air

and even the ducks on the pond stopped quacking and held their heads to one side to listen.

War Kor felt very proud indeed, because for a few minutes there wasn't a sound in the farmyard except "War-kor, Wor, kor, Wor - kor, kor, work, kor, War - kor, WORK-R-R KOR-R-R KORK."

What do you think War Kor did then?

She walked right straight to the orchard, where she was not supposed to go, and her yellow feet went k-chuck, k-chuck, k-chuck, on the grass, and her head went swish, swish in the breeze because she went so fast.

War Kor was so proud of herself by this time that she forgot that she was not supposed to go into the orchard at all, and she walked right to the sweet-apple tree.

There were some big, yellow apples lying in the grass. She walked to the biggest apple and with her yellow beak, she went peck, peck, peck at the apple until it was full of holes.

Then she went to the next best apple and she pecked it full of holes, too. Still War Kor wasn't satisfied, and she was just going to peck another apple when the farmer's boy saw her. The farmer's boy didn't think War Kor was such a grand and beautiful bird. He thought she was just a naughty old hen. He called his dog and said, "Put her out!"

The dog was a great big black dog. He opened his mouth wide and rushed straight at War Kor, saying, "Yap, yap, woof."

War Kor forgot all about her beautiful feathers and her beautiful yellow beak. She didn't even wait to wipe her beak on the grass. Instead she flapped her wings and made her feet go zip, zip through the grass. She opened her beak wide and squawked, "Save me! Squawk! Squawk! Save me! Squawk! Help!" The big black dog bounded along behind her, barking and snapping with his mouth open wide, and all his big teeth showing.

War Kor ran as fast as she could and then she tried to run a little faster, but she was all out of breath and she could hardly even say, "Squawk, squawk."

The big dog kept getting closer and closer, saying "Gr-r WOOF," and he grabbed War Kor by the tail feathers just as she got to the fence.

Then War Kor found breath enough to say, "Squawk, squawk" after all. She pulled as hard as she could, and the feathers came out of her tail. So War Kor got to her coop, but without her tail.

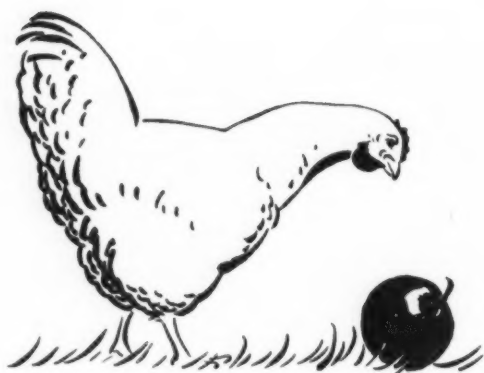
The big dog stood there trying to get the



She polished her beak on the grass

feathers out of his mouth. The boy said "Good Dog, maybe that will teach that old hen to stay away from those s w e e t apples next time."

War Kor just sulked in her coop, and looked at her torn feathers.



She looked at them for a long time and then she decided that she would never pick holes in sweet apples again.

But War Kor was a very foolish hen, so maybe she forgot to keep her promise. What do you think?

What to do about Molly

MARJORIE FLACK

Illustrations by Marjorie Flack and Karl Larsson

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Molly and she had a brother named Edward. They lived in a little house in a village near the sea.

Molly was five years old and Edward was just twice as old as Molly, so he was a big boy.

One morning while Molly and Edward were having their breakfast their mother said, "I must go shopping this morning and while I'm away, Edward, you must take care of Molly."

But Edward said, "I promised to go fishing in the harbor with Tom in his boat this morning, and what shall I do about Molly?"

"Oh, I want to go fishing," said Molly. "I want to go fishing, too!"

But their mother said, "No, Molly, you are much too little to go fishing in a boat."

"But I promised," said Edward.

"A promise is a promise," said their mother, "but what shall we do about Molly?"

So they thought and they thought, and Edward had an idea and he whispered to their mother.

"That is a good idea," she said. "And

I will stop on my way and ask Uncle Ira to keep an eye on her; he is always on the wharf at the Fish House."

"Then I can go fishing?" asked Molly.

"Yes," said their mother. "But you must do just what Edward tells you to, and you must come home when you hear the clock in the steeple strike twelve." And she went away.

Edward got a strong rope and two fish lines from the woodshed, and then he and Molly went down to the wharf. There they found Tom with some bait and Uncle Ira, mending his fishing nets.

"Good morning," said Uncle Ira. "Your mother tells me you have a grand idea, Edward. Now let us see how you can go fishing in the boat and still take care of Molly!"

So this is how Edward took good care of Molly:

First he tied one end of his strong rope around the middle of Molly and then he tied the other end of the strong rope around a post on the wharf and then he said, "There you are, Molly, all hitched safe and sound so that you can't fall overboard!"

Then he gave Molly a nice fishing line

and he put bait on the hook and he threw it down deep in the water. Then Edward said, "Now sit quiet, Molly, sit still and wait, wait for a fish to bite and if you need Uncle Ira, call him."

Uncle Ira looked carefully at the knots and then he said, "Those are good sailor knots all right, Edward. Molly is moored as well as a boat."

"Now let us see who catches the biggest fish!"

So Uncle Ira went on mending his nets and Edward and Tom went out in the boat, and Molly sat still and Molly sat quiet waiting for a fish to bite.

And Molly on the wharf and Edward and Tom in the boat heard the clock in the steeple strike ten.

Edward and Tom tied their boat to a buoy and they baited their hooks and threw them in the water and they waited for a fish.

Molly on the wharf watched the seagulls flying, flying in circles up high in the air as she sat still, as she sat quiet waiting for a fish.

And Molly on the wharf and Edward and Tom in the boat heard the clock in the steeple strike once for half past ten.

Edward and Tom in the boat pulled their lines up and they let them down but not a bite did they get, so they left the buoy and fished near the breakwater.

Molly on the wharf saw the Boston boat go steaming, steaming by, as she sat quiet, as she sat still waiting for a fish to bite.

And Molly on the wharf and Edward and Tom in the boat heard the clock in the steeple strike eleven.

Edward and Tom pulled their lines up and they let them down but not a fish did they get, so they left the breakwater and rowed up beside a big boat anchored near by. They put fresh bait on their hooks and waited and waited for a fish.

Molly on the wharf, watched the little waves lapping, lapping the posts and lapping the boats and lapping along the shore as she sat quiet, as she sat still waiting for a fish to bite. And Molly on the wharf and Edward and Tom in the boat heard the clock in the steeple strike once for half past eleven.

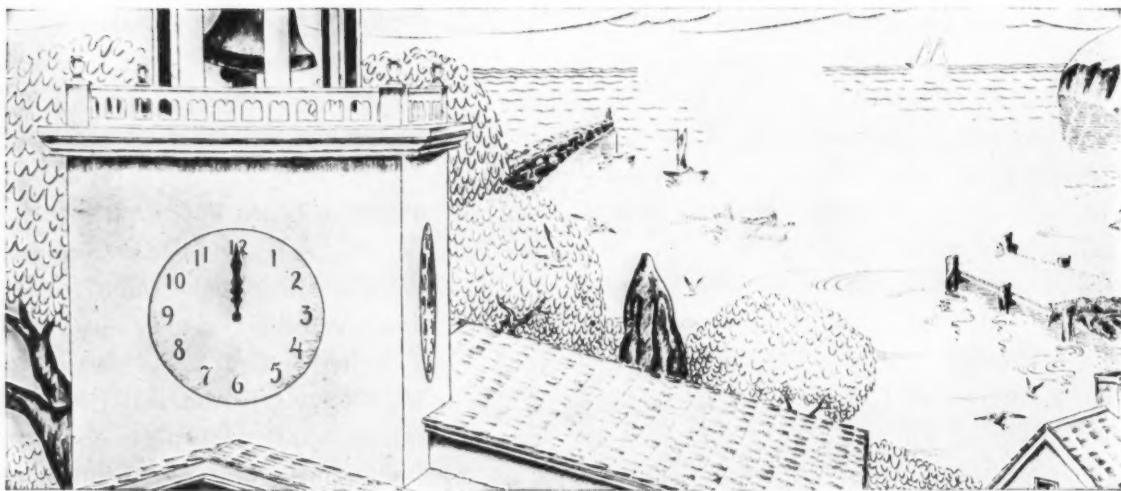
"It's getting late," said Edward. "We must catch a fish soon because we'll have to stop when the clock in the steeple strikes twelve."

So they pulled their lines up and they rowed away from the big boat toward the shore, and they put fresh bait on their hooks and they let their lines down and they waited for a fish.

Molly on the wharf grew sleepy watching, watching the waves lapping, lapping as she sat quiet, as she sat still, waiting for a



Edward and Tom went out in the boat, and Molly sat still waiting for a fish to bite



Edward and Tom heard the clock in the steeple strike twelve times

fish, and listening for the clock to strike.

Then Edward and Tom in the boat heard the clock in the steeple strike, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve times.

But Molly on the wharf did not hear it, because she was sleeping as she sat quiet, as she sat still, waiting and waiting for a fish.

Quickly Edward and Tom rowed back to the wharf, rowed back without catching even one little fish. They moored their boat and then they found Molly sound asleep sitting quiet, sitting still, hitched to the post on the wharf.

"Wake up, Molly!" shouted Edward. "It's time to go home."

Molly opened her eyes and she asked, "Did you catch any fish?"

"No," said Edward, "not a single fish. Hurry and pull your line up because we must go home!"

So Molly tried to pull her line up but it would not come up.

"It's caught," said Molly. Edward pulled with her but it would not come up. "It's caught," said Edward.

Tom pulled with Edward and Molly and they all pulled hard and up it came! Up it came and there on the end of it was a big, shining flopping Fish!

They showed it to Uncle Ira and he said, "Good for Molly!" and he helped them take it off the hook.

When Molly and Edward got home to their little house, there was their mother waiting for them.

She was so happy because Molly had caught a big fish, and because Edward had taken such good care of Molly, she said, "You may invite Tom to come have supper with us tonight."

That evening Molly and Edward set the table while their mother cooked Molly's fish in a big kettle with potatoes and milk.

Then Molly and Edward and Tom each had a big bowl of fish chowder for supper.

Surprise Salvager

LAVINIA R. DAVIS

Illustrations by Jacob Landau

JOHNNY FERRIS'S rubber soles skidded on the dew-soaked porch, but he righted himself and hurried down the steps.

Last night his father had come home from town meeting with the most tantalizing bit of unfinished news that Johnny had ever heard in his life. There was a new boat in Shaftsborough harbor out after sunken treasure. The treasure, of course, was the wreck of the sloop *Beatrice*, sunk in the harbor years ago by a privateer.

From time to time salvaging companies had made unsuccessful attempts to send divers after the gold the *Beatrice* was said to have been carrying. This new company, according to the rumor, had an unusual record of successes even in cases where the ship had been rotting on the bottom of the ocean for years.

"What kind of a boat and what's she called?" Johnny had asked, but Mr. Ferris didn't know.

"Joe Andrews just said she was captained by a Scotchman called Kinney. A queer, quiet duck according to Joe, but good at his job. Been sent all over the world diving after stuff. There's no point getting excited," he had added. "Joe Andrews always has some story up his sleeve and it's much too late now to find out how much of this one is true."

So Johnny had set his alarm clock for five in the morning and for once he was up before it went off.

As Johnny turned down Wharf Street the familiar smell of tar and fish greeted him. When he came in sight of the public dock that lay at the end of the street he began to run. He was out of breath when he got to the end of the dock but already his eyes had fastened on the only two unfamiliar boats in the place. One of them, a battered-looking tug with an awkward open stern, was hardly worth looking at; but the other was long and lean and every line of her was strong and clean-cut. There wasn't one of the fishing dories, pleasure launches, and row boats that filled the harbor that didn't look mongrel in comparison.

Johnny read the name, *Gray Arrow*, on her



Net, monkey, and all skidded overboard

stern and then studied every detail of her equipment. It almost hurt his eyes to look at her, there was so much shining brass and gleaming paint. She just reeked with newness and success.

He walked around to her stern and saw a man scrubbing the already spotless deck.

"Hello," said Johnny. "D'you come into port last night?"

Apparently the man had not heard. "She's a lovely boat," Johnny said stepping on board. "Who built her?"

The man turned instantly. "What's that to you?" he said. "And who asked you on board, anyway? You're the twelfth kid that's tried to get on since we tied up here." He went into the cabin, slamming the hatch behind him.

Johnny moved back as if he'd stepped on hot bricks. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I was wondering——"

He was interrupted by an amused chuckle from the old tug on the starboard side of the dock. Two angry strides took him across the dock. "What's so funny about that?" he demanded, and then stood and gaped down at the low deck of the tug. In front of him, doubled up with laughter, was a Chinese!

For a full minute Johnny didn't know whether he was angry or not. All of a sudden he was laughing, too.

"Is he always hospitable like that?" Johnny asked, pointing in the direction of the *Gray Arrow*.

The Chinese still chuckling shook his head. It was plain he understood little English. "You click away," he sputtered, showing in pantomime how quickly Johnny had left the *Gray Arrow's* deck.

"Do you know anything about that boat?" Johnny asked. The Chinese shook his head. "Is she going out after the *Beatrice*?" Johnny tried again, this time speaking very slowly.

"*Beatrice*, yes," the Chinese said. "*Beatrice* catch so." He made elaborate gestures of diving down to the bottom of the sea.

"That's what I thought they were after," Johnny said, and tried asking further questions. It was no use. The Chinese did his best to understand but it was plain that he didn't. After a little while Johnny gave it up. He walked along the beach toward the white float belonging to the Shaftsborough Yacht Club. Perhaps someone there knew the owner of the *Gray Arrow* and would say a good word for Johnny.

But the Yacht Club still seemed asleep. The fleet of Star boats that raced on Saturdays looked like plucked fowl as they lay stripped of sails at their moorings. Even the porch of the boathouse that buzzed with people all during the week was damp and deserted. An old man looking for soft-shelled crabs poled silently past the boathouse in his flat-bottomed boat. A few sea

gulls hunting for breakfast skimmed over the harbor, but nothing else moved.

Johnny walked back to the town dock to have another look at the *Gray Arrow*. Perhaps if he could make himself useful polishing brass or scraping paint the owner would feel less violently about boys.

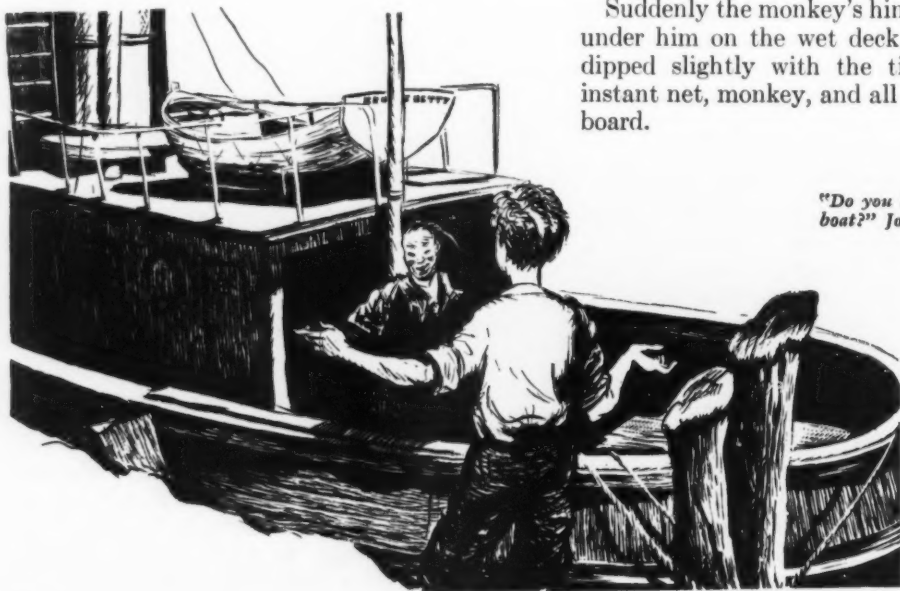
Somewhere out there on the gray water of the bay, sunk deep in the mud most likely, was the wreck of the *Beatrice* and the treasure, pirate treasure, sunk there years ago when unexpected vessels still eased into the quiet harbors of the Jersey coast to get rid of their cargo. It must have been something to see the *Beatrice* crowding her sail as she ran for the harbor with the privateer grimly following.

Ever since he could remember, tales about the *Beatrice* had thrilled Johnny more than other stories. But now the *Beatrice* wasn't just a story any more. She was a fact, and soon the *Gray Arrow* would be sending down a diver to find out everything there was to know about her.

Johnny was wondering how much of her hull would be left when something moving on the deck of the *Gray Arrow* attracted his attention. Was it a dog they had on board? Johnny moved closer. Why, it wasn't a dog at all, it was a monkey; a small brown monkey, playing with a bait trap the way a squirrel might play with a leaf!

Its front paws were tangled up in the mesh of the net. Its small hind legs were braced as it struggled to pull the heavy iron rim of the net down to the stern of the boat. It looked exactly like a small scolding man struggling beneath a heavy load.

Suddenly the monkey's hind feet shot out from under him on the wet deck. The *Gray Arrow* dipped slightly with the tide and in another instant net, monkey, and all were skidding overboard.



"Do you know anything about that boat?" Johnny asked. The Chinese shook his head



"You eat those while they're hot," he ordered

For a moment, Johnny was helpless with laughter. Then his laughter faded. The monkey wasn't coming up to the surface.

Johnny ran to the edge of the dock. The slow tide was still slapping at the stern of the boat and the barnacled piling of the dock. There was no other sound.

Looking over the edge, he could see nothing. The water was fully eight feet deep and cloudy. He thought of the heavy iron rim of the net and began to pull off his jacket. If the monkey couldn't get free of the mesh it would drown.

Johnny kicked off his sneakers as he shouted for help. If the owner of the *Gray Arrow* heard, he gave no answer and Johnny didn't dare to risk waiting. The moment he was under water he made a jack-knife turn without coming to the surface. He swam toward the dock and ran his hand down the slimy surface of the piling. His forefinger stung; he had gashed it on a barnacle. There might be crabs, hard shells, with wicked blue claws. Somehow he forced his hand on down the piling. Finally he touched the writhing, twisting little body of the monkey.

As he reached out both hands he pushed upwards with his feet. His hands closed over the monkey, but the wet skin slipped through his fingers as he shot to the surface.

The moment he reached the top, Johnny took a deep breath and plunged down again, porpoise fashion. He swam under water, his arms working breast stroke, kicking his legs like a frog.

The water was quite muddy from the monkey's struggles. Every second it grew harder to see what he was doing, but Johnny knew that this time he would have to succeed.

He reached the monkey and with the groping fingers of his right hand felt for the mesh that

tied its paws. With his left hand he clung to the piling. The monkey's fighting made it almost impossible to get at the mesh. He pulled at the rim of the net but it was caught and he could not wrench it free.

The monkey was growing quieter. Desperately Johnny forced his fingers into the mesh. His chest hurt him and his heart hammered wildly as he tore at the strings.

What if they didn't break? But they'd have to! He couldn't leave the monkey to drown.

His heart seemed to be pumping in his ears. He braced his feet against the piling and tightened his grip on the mesh. Then he let go of the piling and grabbed the monkey.

He pushed upward with all his strength and the strings tore away from the rim.

Johnny shot upwards like an uncoiled spring. Air! He held the little monkey over his head and sucked in breath and more breath.

"Give us your hand," a voice said from above him. "Right here. We can pull you up."

Johnny saw a man jump from the dock into a row boat. Warily treading water, he handed up the monkey. Then a strong hand clamped itself around his wrist and he was hauled into the boat beside a tall man with red hair.

The man handed the monkey to the Chinese who was standing on the dock and then half lifting and half pushing, forced Johnny to follow.

For a minute, Johnny couldn't do anything except take in more gulps of the air and watch the Chinese as he held the monkey, rubbing its back and patting it gently. The monkey began moving and its small eyes opened.

"It'll be all right in no time," the red-haired man said, clambering up on the dock. "Right as rain, thanks to you."

The Chinese was muttering to the monkey as it lay wet and shivering in his arms.

"That's a funny thing for a crack salvager to have on board," Johnny said when he had his breath.

"Oh, I don't know," the man said. "Charlie'd have to have Ching along no matter where he worked."

"But does he work on the *Gray Arrow*?"

The man shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "He works for me on the *Brown Betty*." He pointed at the tug.

"B-b-but is that the boat that's going after the *Beatrice*?" he said. "I thought it was the *Gray Arrow*. She—she looks more sort of efficient."

Kinney laughed and led the way to the tug. "The *Gray Arrow*'s just a very expensive pleasure boat," he said. "But come on board the *Brown Betty*. She's more efficient than you might think."

In a few minutes Johnny was sitting in the *Betty*'s cabin in dry dungarees. The cabin was small and used looking, and scrupulously neat. There was none of the extra brass or fancy painting that distinguished the *Gray Arrow*. There wasn't a single thing done for show, but everything from the little table that let down from the wall to the diver's helmet that gleamed in one corner looked ready for service.

Johnny was still staring at a ceiling rack crowded with neatly rolled charts, when Charlie placed a huge plate of brown pancakes in front of him.

Kinney pulled the monkey up on his lap and settled down on a bench opposite Johnny. "You eat those while they're hot," he ordered. "And then tell us the whole story of what happened."

Johnny ate and then he told his story. "You see," he finished lamely. "I've heard about that wreck all my life, so I thought—perhaps—"

"Perhaps you could get on board the boat that was going after her," Kinney finished for him.

Johnny nodded, feeling embarrassed. If only Kinney didn't look at him so curiously. Charlie was staring at him, too. His short, squat body filled the door to the galley as he studied Johnny from head to toe. Nobody said a word.

Finally Johnny pointed through the window to where the *Gray Arrow* glittered in the sunlight. "I—er—I thought there might be brass to shine, or paint to scrape," he said. "I didn't know a crack salvager'd be as simple as this. It's sort of a surprise."

Kinney laughed. "So are you," he said. "We've always thought a boy'd be the last thing we'd want on board when we were starting out on an expedition, but I guess with the fellow that saved Ching, it's different. What do you say, Charlie? Shall we take this chap along?"



Sweden's New

Stamps

EARLY this year, Sweden issued a set of beautiful stamps to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the beginning of an organized postal system in that country.

Sweden was the fourth country in Europe to have a government post office. The earlier ones were France, Denmark, and England.

The values of the new stamps are from five öre to one krona, in our money about one cent to a quarter.

The Axel Oxenstierna whose picture appears on one of the stamps was the great chancellor of the kingdom in 1636 and was the real founder

of Sweden's postal services. As an old man he had to help to guide the fortunes of his country when the young Queen Christina, the daughter of the powerful Gustavus Adolphus, was not of age. She was the only child of Gustavus and so inherited the throne at his death, much to the dismay of the Swedes of that day who did not fancy having a woman on the throne. Besides, they were shocked by the young queen, who went



about in men's clothes and did many reckless things. She finally gave up her crown.

Adolf Wilhelm Roos, the other man pictured in the stamp series, was the Director-General of Posts for Sweden from 1867 to 1889.

He may be called "the father of the modern Swedish Post Office Service," because it was he who reorganized the whole department after he had become Postmaster General in 1867. Mr. Roos lived between 1824-1895. He helped to found the World Post Office Alliance and established Swedish post offices on railroads and on

steamships. He also introduced the money order, postcards, and parcel post. From 1874 to 1889 he was a member of the First Chamber of the Riksdag.

The designs of the other stamps in the series tell the story of the post office and of transportation, too.

They show a mail runner of long ago, a dispatch rider, a mail-carrying sailing-vessel, a mail-coach for the highway, a railway engine, a highway motor truck, a modern steamer, and an airmail plane.

News From Abroad

A GREAT Baltic Regional Conference of Juniors was held at Riga, Latvia, in June.

Admiral Grayson cabled a greeting to the conference from the American Red Cross. It said:

"American Red Cross in its own name and on behalf of American Junior Red Cross sends heartiest greetings and best wishes to Baltic Regional Junior Red Cross Conference at Riga. May the deliberations of your conference bring nearer to fulfilment the aspirations of all Juniors that the nations may be bound together by ties of enduring friendship.

Grayson, Chairman
American Red Cross"

Juniors of this country themselves sent a message to Riga which was composed by the three officers of the Junior Sessions at the National Convention at Chicago:

We, the Junior Red Cross members of the United States of America send greetings of good fellowship to all of the Juniors of the Scandinavian and Baltic countries attending the Regional Conference in Riga, Latvia.

Our recent convention gave those of us who attended a deeper understanding of the work of the American Red Cross and a keener appreciation of the importance of International Junior Red Cross. We devoted one whole session to the discussion of international problems and the importance of youth in helping to create world peace.

As you know, the world has one of your neighboring countrymen, Henri Dunant, to thank for the splendid idea which has grown into the world's greatest organization. The Red Cross flag has meant life and happiness to suffering men, women, and children the world over in time of distress; and when the mighty motto "I Serve" was added to this flag, the world realized the greatest advance in modern civilization, namely—the promoting of goodwill, friendship, and a mutual understanding among the youth of all nations.

Just think of the work done, the work being done, and the unlimited field for further work for an international group sixteen millions strong drawn from fifty-two nations of the world!

You in conference in Riga are forming life friendships. Through sympathetic service in our native lands, and through international correspondence, we are promoting those things which make for the betterment of mankind. It is our sincere hope that we Juniors throughout the world may extend the friendships of our youth into active, adult efforts toward peace and goodwill among all nations; for the hopes of tomorrow can be realized only through us, the youth of today.

MARIE EUGENIE BLEYL, of the Hohere Maedchenschule in Zwickau, Saxony, wrote in thanking the Barrett School at Hood River, Oregon, for an album:

It is a German custom, that each little girl or boy receives a big paper bag the first day of entering school. These bags are very nicely painted and filled with cake,



Juniors of Frederiksberg, Denmark, practicing First Aid

sweets, and chocolate. I have kept my paper bag up to the present day. I shall keep it for my own children.

THE Junior group at Ikšķile-Eikani in Latvia was founded in 1924. The members play the health game, and observe the rules of cleanliness at home and at school. They have provided hot meals for needy children, and they own an orchard where they have planted all the trees, and where they also cultivate potatoes and other vegetables for their canteen. They hold conferences and debates on literary subjects. Christmas trees are decorated for children to whom they distribute presents. The Juniors have started a library. They have oiled the floors of the classrooms.

THE little school at Samoussy, Aisne, in France, has found a method of preparing its albums which gives most satisfactory results. The form is that of an illustrated letter. Each child writes a paragraph which he illustrates with drawings or cut-outs in the margin. This gives each pupil a part in making the album, and at the same time, it is the group that makes it.

THE Juniors of the Primary School at Gostinia, in Bulgaria, asked a local doctor to give them a course in preventive hygiene. Then they elected from among themselves inspectors to

superintend the cleanliness of the school and its surroundings as well as the individual cleanliness of the pupils. Three Juniors, members of the hygiene committee, made a weekly tour of the houses in the village to inspect hygienic conditions; all the Juniors are expected to learn First Aid and to keep the First Aid kit in order.

In winter there is a free canteen for needy children; vegetables grown in the school garden supply this canteen.

Talks are given on various health subjects, service, and international goodwill, sometimes by the teacher-leader of the group, sometimes by the Juniors.

They have given some entertainments for the benefit of the canteen and for the blind, and organized excursions into the country.

MEMBERS of the Emile Braun School, at Gand, Belgium, made, in the space of one month, 230 warm garments for their protégés in other schools. They also dressed thirty-six dolls for the little "Borains," or miners' children, to whom they had sent sugar and milk.

On St. Nicholas' Day, December 6, they gave "speculaus" (a kind of biscuit) and "couque de lait" (cakes) for the tea of some orphans.



Students of the Girls' Lycée at Santiago in Chile sold bread to raise money for a First Aid box

National News

THE League of Red Cross Societies has recently decided to have a permanent exhibit of school exchange material, and a number of travelling exhibits which can be lent to different countries for display, as well. More than sixty schools in the United States have sent to Paris their contributions to these exhibits. This work from America will take its place beside work of Juniors of the rest of the world.

The Nathan Hale School No. 4, Mt. Vernon, New York, sent a complete little Indian village. There were two tepees of hide and one of birchbark. Trees formed a background, and a pinto pony, deer, and a buffalo accompanied the Indian hunter, squaw, and baby. There were several travois on which supplies could be dragged, moccasins, a rug being woven, and several bits of Indian gear. A painted background could be placed behind the tents, and there was a photograph showing how the whole thing should be set up. Altogether, it made a most attractive showing.

MEMBERS of the Pacific Branch wrote to nineteen schools in the area which had a large proportion of Indian students and offered them free membership for a year in the Junior Red Cross. They also suggested several activities which might interest them.

Letters were written to fourteen chapters asking the Juniors to cooperate with the senior chapter in collecting libraries and magazines for the marines stationed in China and the Philippines.

JUNIORS of Reading, Massachusetts, made twenty rag dolls and about the same number of dolls' cradles, outfitted with bedclothing and pillows. Some of the cradles contained dolls. The gifts delighted the little sick children at the Tewksbury State Infirmary.

LYNCHBURG, Virginia, members of the Fairview Heights School use Junior Red Cross activities in their regular classroom work. Dur-

ing a hygiene lesson it was mentioned that a little girl out in the country was having a serious operation. The pupils suggested doing something for her as part of their Junior Red Cross work. They were studying letter writing in their English classes, so they decided to write to the



Children of the Matanuska Valley in Alaska waiting for the bus to take them to school at Palmer

little girl. Every week on letter writing day, they chose the six best and most interesting letters to be copied and sent to her. Each pupil brought his own envelope and stamp. Since there were thirty-two in the class, she received a letter a day for over a month.

On Hallowe'en, the Juniors drew pictures and posters for their friend in the country. At Christmas time when their room was decorated they sent her an invitation to visit them. The class received letters from the little girl which pleased them very much.

THE chief of police and the county juvenile officer of Wichita Falls, Texas, gave talks on safety at one of the meetings of the Junior Red Cross Council of that town.

A LETTER sent from Woodburn School, Oregon, to Mustla Primary School, Estonia, said:

We got the dried blackberries sent us by Junior Red Cross members. We were very much pleased to get them. Having first put the berries out for show, so that every

pupil could see and taste them, we then left a cup full of them with the portfolio and divided the rest among seven girls who took them home and made them into some very tasty jam. They served it with cream the next day at school, to the amazement of all pupils. We should very much have liked the Estonian Junior members to have seen the happy faces of thirty-five pupils and six teachers, seated at three long tables, eating with pleasure the tasty jam.

We will make a box of all kinds of our dry fruits, which we shall soon send to you to Estonia.

HIBBING, Minnesota, has a well organized plan for an effective Junior Council.

At the beginning of the school year, the class elections are held to choose the usual four officers, president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and, at the same time, to select a member from each class to act as representative in the Junior Red Cross Council. The Council is composed of the vice-president of each school class, and the representatives directly elected, along with two representatives from the various clubs, two members of last year's Council, two students selected by the Junior Red Cross School Committee, and the delegates and alternate delegate to the National Convention.

The Junior Roll Call begins with a Rally Day Program. Entertainment is provided through the help of the school orchestra, the glee clubs, and the gym classes, who may present a short pageant or foreign dance in native costume. Each year a speaker interested in the Red Cross is obtained. During Roll Call week, posters are placed where everyone can see them, and the Red Cross flag is raised before the entrance to both high and elementary schools. In each grade room of the grade schools, a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer are elected, and a speech is made by the chairman every day

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The Nathan Hale Elementary School of Mt. Vernon, New York, sent an Indian village to the exhibit of the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris

of the week. And each day the pupils give their donations to the treasurer, the secretary sees that they sign their names on the roll and fastens the Red Cross pin on them. In the higher grades,

this is all handled by the chairman of each room, who also makes his plea for complete enrollment. The grade children write compositions on the results of the roll call, and the kindergarten children tell how they earned their membership money.

All through the year the local newspapers call the attention of everyone to the activities and services of the Red Cross. The school papers and the high school year book also publish interesting articles about the Junior Red Cross. This year a program was broadcast from a local station in which the Girls' Chorus sang the *Junior World Song*, and several junior

speakers advocated the hearty cooperation of all citizens with the Red Cross. Notices of activities also appear from time to time in the daily school bulletin. Very interesting exhibits of Junior Red Cross school correspondence which have come from all parts of the world are set up, with the assistance of high-school pupils, in



Gifts prepared by the J. R. C. of American Samoa for the exhibit of the League of Red Cross Societies. There are a necklace of shells, an outrigger canoe, and a piece of tapa cloth, a fabric of pressed fibers

schools, in store windows, libraries, and before P. T. A. groups.

MEMBERS of the Village School, Castleton, Vermont, maintain a well-supplied First Aid kit. These Juniors also sent baskets to members who were quarantined, and raised money for their Service Fund by selling candy they made, and by holding a bazaar.

MANY schools select their Council members by a vote of all Juniors; others have them appointed by faculty members. In Boston, Massachusetts, the Juniors do not believe that elections are satisfactory. A teacher who has worked with the Juniors for a year or more appoints delegates who have shown a genuine interest in their J. R. C. work, and who have proved themselves responsible. They must be able to speak to groups, put projects up to teachers, make the Junior Red Cross attractive and the program a success.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Juniors hold popular elections. Every year, about October, they hold a service drive; this appeals to every student to join the Red Cross. All those who wish to give extra service are welcome to join the club. The Juniors keep a service record of each individual, that is, a record of what the individual has done in the way of service, and they use these records in times of elections of general officers and Council delegates. It



Mt. Brook Kindergarten Juniors of Birmingham, Alabama, made scrapbooks for a children's hospital

helps prevent the elections from turning into popularity contests. The elections are held twice a year, in September and in February. In these elections the Juniors try to distribute the honors and not put too much responsibility on any one person. Instead of placing the president at the head of each of the committees, one person is in charge of a dance committee, another in charge of an entertainment committee, and so on. There are monthly dues of five cents, and although they do not particularly stress finances, the Juniors have a party at the end of each term for all those who have been regular in attendance and have paid their dues regularly.

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, there is a half-way method, combining student and teacher appointments. Two students are nominated for the Council and approved by the dean of the school, and the teacher-sponsor sits in at the session when the appointments are made. These two nominees are then put up for election, and the club takes a popular vote for the two candidates, and elects the one it wants. Thus both faculty and Junior members are satisfied.

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LIONEL GREEN

Magellan

A monument to the famous explorer in Punta Arenas, Chile, on the Straits of Magellan, the most southerly town in the world. It is a center for the sheep raising industry of the far south

